

# SONGS OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY









# PHILLIPS ACADEMY

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Founded in 1778

Phillips Academy has established very high repute for its broad scholarship, for its elevated ideals and especially for the practical success which has been attained by its students.

In all the leading professions and every useful avenue of endeavor, its alumni are found among the leaders. In all the great colleges, and particularly Yale and Harvard, the graduates of this Academy have for years been distinguished for their thoroughness of preparation, and success in their college work. The Academy has also done a useful work in the education of boys who have not gone to college. Especially is it distinguished for its American, Democratic spirit; the sons of the wealthiest men in the country mingling with boys who are working their way through school.

The courses of the Academy have thoroughly adjusted and adapted themselves to the highest collegiate requirements. The ability of its faculty, the excellence of its equipment, its library and laboratory facilities, the prestige of honorable history and other advantages and achievements have placed Phillips Academy in the front rank of American schools.

For full particulars address

PHILLIPS ACADEMY

ALFRED E. STEARNS, A. M., Litt. D., Principal

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PHILLIPS MEMORIAL GATEWAY



# ANDOVER SONGS AND CHEERS

BEING THE SECOND EDITION OF

“Andover Songs”

HAIL, Andover! Brave Andover!  
Through ages, tried and true!  
For aye we'll stand, a loyal band,  
Old Andover, to you!



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Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

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TO  
ALFRED E. STEARNS, PRINCIPAL OF PHILLIPS ANDOVER ACADEMY  
THIS BOOK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

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### Long Andover

Andover, Andover, Andover!  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah!  
Andover! Andover! Andover!

---

### P. A.

P. A., P. A., Rah! Rah!  
P. A., P. A., Rah! Rah!  
Hur-rah, Hur-rah!  
Andover, Andover, Rah!  
(Repeat three times.)

---

### Skyrocket

Skyrocket, (*whistle*) Bum! Ah! Andover!

---

### Three Times Three

Rah-rah-rah, (*Name*)!  
Rah-rah-rah, (*Name*)!!  
Rah-rah-rah, (*Name*)!!!

### Princeton Yell

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!  
A-N-D-O-V-E-R  
Team! Team! Team!

---

### Andover Rah

(Name), (Name), Bully for (Name)  
Andover, Andover, Rah!  
(Name), (Name), Bully for (Name)  
Andover, Andover, Rah!

---

### Andover

A-N-D-O-V-E-R, Rah! Rah! Rah! (*slow*)  
A-N-D-O-V-E-R, Rah! Rah! Rah! (*faster*)  
A-N-D-O-V-E-R, Rah! Rah! Rah! (*fast*)

---

### Two and One

(Name)! (Name)!! Rah-rah-rah, (Name)  
(Name)! (Name)!! Rah-rah-rah, (Name)

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

¶ THE COMPILERS WISH TO  
EXPRESS THEIR INDEBTEDNESS  
TO THE VARIOUS COMPOSERS  
FOR THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF  
THEIR RESPECTIVE SONGS  
WHICH AIDED IN THE PRO-  
DUCTION OF THIS BOOK

# SONGS



*Dedicated to "The Sons of Old Andover"*

## OLD P. A.

Arranged by  
P. B. METCALF

Music by  
R. K. FLETCHER

musical score for "OLD P. A." in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score is arranged for piano and voice. The piano part features a strong, rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The vocal part is a melody with lyrics. The score is divided into four systems, each with a piano and vocal staff. The lyrics are: "We're here with the team once a - gain, boys, Five hundred strong To cheer them on. So hand out Old An do - ver's name, boys, a - cross the". The piano part starts with a forte (f) dynamic and the vocal part starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

We're

here with the team once a - gain, boys, <sup>500</sup>Five hundred

strong To cheer them on. So

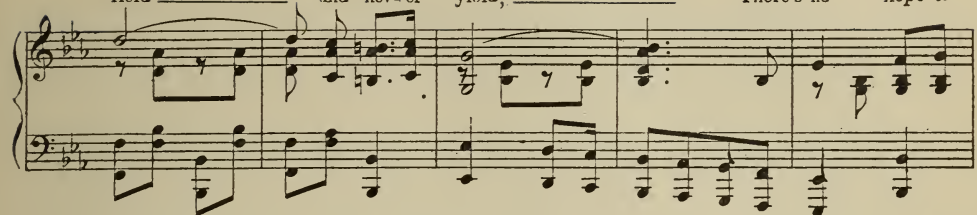
hand out Old An do - ver's name, boys, a - cross the

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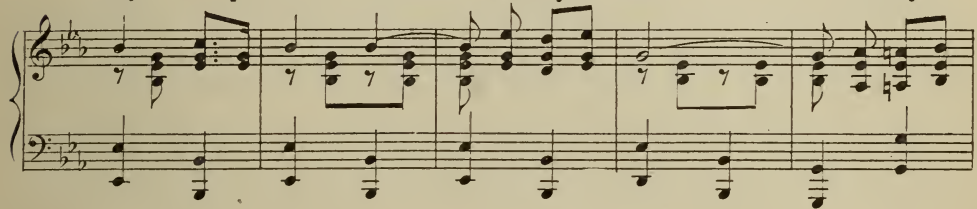
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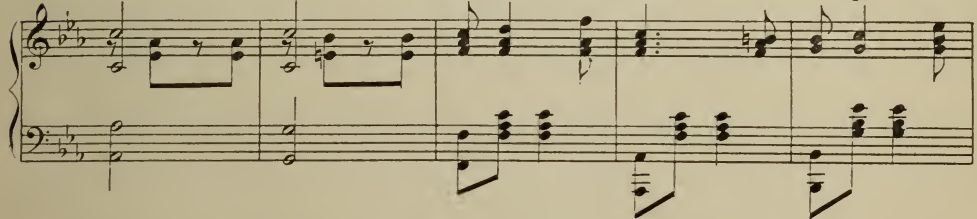
field ——— and nev-er yield; ——— There's no hope to -



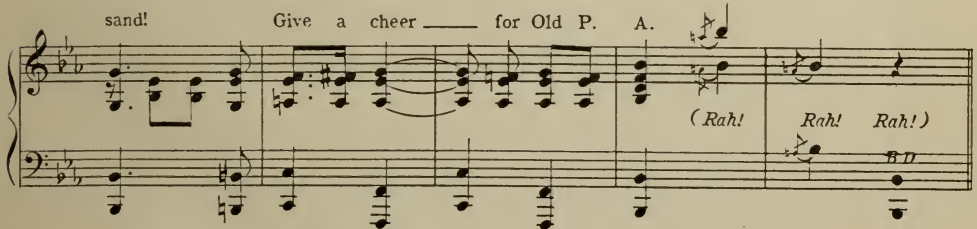
day for poor Ex' - ter ——— For they are true ——— those boys in



blue; Oh ——— An - do ver'll land! She's got the

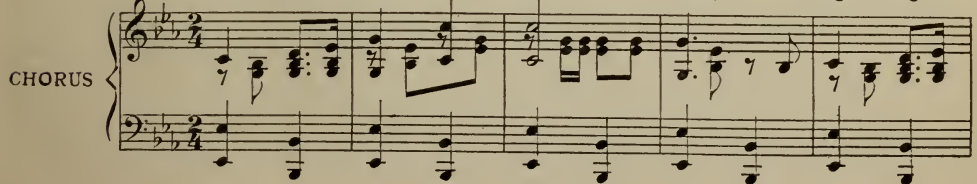


sand! Give a cheer ——— for Old P. A.



(Rah! Rah! Rah!)

Fight - ing for Old P. A., boys, Fight - ing with



heart and soul \_\_\_\_\_ Tear - ing our way on to

vic t'ry Near - ing the crim - son goal \_\_\_\_\_

See how Old Ex' - ter trem bles!

An - do - ver wins to - day \_\_\_\_\_ Stand by the blue

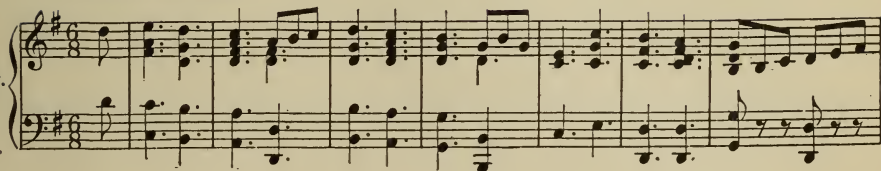
We're al - ways true to you and Old P. A. \_\_\_\_\_

# PHILLIPPIAN MARCH.

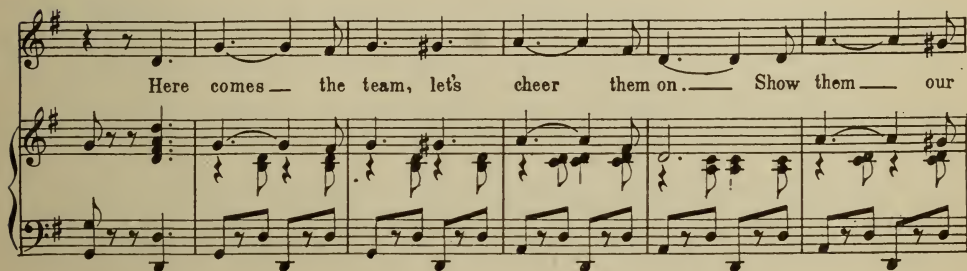
ZO. ELLIOTT.

Allegro Moderato.

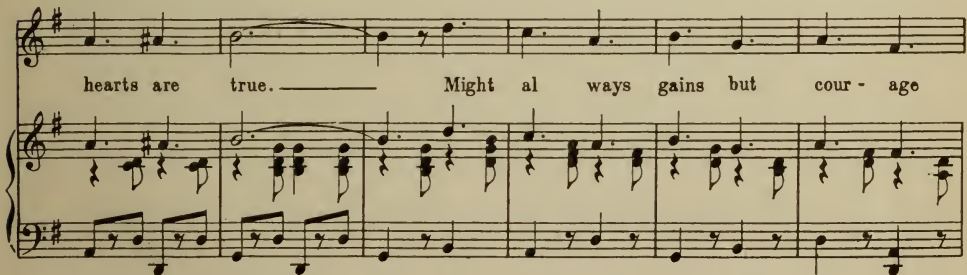
PIANO.



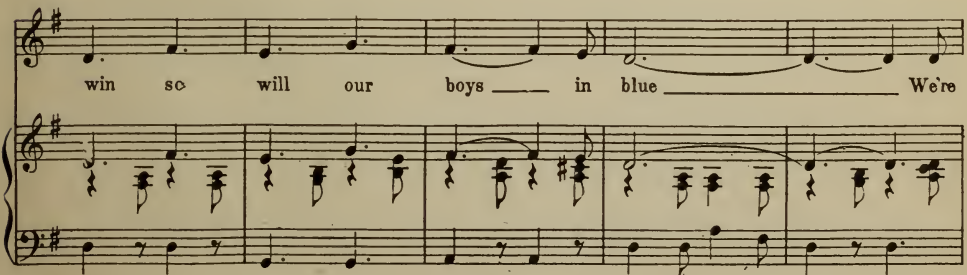
Here comes — the team, let's cheer them on. — Show them — our



hearts are true. — Might al ways gains but cour - age



win so will our boys — in blue — We're



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here a-gain to win and bound a-

gain to gain our game We'll guard, pro - - tect and

bear on high Old And-o - ver's wide fame

# CHORUS

Cheer, cheer, boys, cheer, cheer for the game is near-ly ours



We're win-ning ev' - ry point we're heap-ing up the

score. Our foe - men trem - - ble for they

can - not long pre - vail With old And - - o - ver's

grit and sand a team can ne - ver fail.

# ANDOVER VICTORY SONG

Words and Music by  
P. S. GILMAN

Tempo di Marcia

VOICE

PIANO

*Trumpet*

*sf*

*mf*

Come yesons of old An do - ver, Send  
See our score is grow ing, 'grow ing, All

*mf*

the ball a - plung - ing o - ver Play with might and  
up now and make a show - ing Loy - - - al to the

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main, \_\_\_\_\_ Ten \_\_\_\_\_ yards more to gain;  
 blue, \_\_\_\_\_ We \_\_\_\_\_ are ev - er true;

Send \_\_\_\_\_ the Crim - son back to cov - er,  
 Hear \_\_\_\_\_ the grand-stand shout - ing mad - ly,

While \_\_\_\_\_ a-round the goal we hov - er, A - N - D - O -  
 Ex - - - e - ter is beat - en bad - ly, A - N - D - O -

V - E - R Show them who we are! \_\_\_\_\_  
 V - E - R They know who we are! \_\_\_\_\_

*Andover Victory #*

# CHORUS

An - no - vers "it" to day,

*mf-f*

Get out and watch us play,

See our he - roes go

Smash-ing through the foe;

Andover Victory \*

On-ward, now, ev - ry one, \_\_\_\_\_

Fight till the game is won, \_\_\_\_\_

Hats off and cheer them, poor Ex - ter fears them, P. A. and

1. VIC - TO - RY! 2. RY! (Rah! Rah!)

# ANDOVER RAH!

A MARCH SONG,

Words by H. V. BULLINGER.

Music by P. S. GILMAN.

Arranged by P. S. G.

*Tempo di marcia.*

*mf*  
1. It's the same old An - do - ver, We are here to win to -  
2. Oh, the boys from New Hampshire Will learn a thing or

*Melody in 1st Bass.*

day! . . . See poor Ex' - ter fly to cov - er When the Blue gets  
two, . . . When they meet with Cap - tain Da - ly And the team that

in the fray (Get out of the way) First down, Oh, this is  
wears the Blue; (To them we are true.) Now the Ex' - ter stands are

*cres.*  
ea - sy, That goal is just be - fore; . . . Smash them through . . .  
si - lent, And the crim - son ban - ners fall, . . . While the blue . . .  
(Smash them  
(While the

. . . and make a touch down, For this is where we score.  
. . . sweepson to vic - t'ry, Let us cheer them one and all .  
through,  
Blue,

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CHORUS.

All hail to old An - do - ver, Vic - tor crowned on man - ya

field; Our crim - son foe - men trem - ble, And be - fore the

Blue must yield; . . On your feet, now all to - geth - er, . . Give a

cheer for An - do - ver Rah!(Rah! Rah!)Lift your voi - ces on high, Let your

cheers rend the sky, For old An - do - ver wins to - day.

Dedicated to H. S. W.

# THE DAUNTLESS BLUE

STANWOOD MILLER '10

*In marked time with spirit*

Great deeds are re - cord - ed, man y names  
In Wash - ing - ton's day the Brit - ish wore red

live of fight ers who wore the "A";  
as good sol diers ver - y of - ten do;

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With brave hearts they bat - tled fear - ing no odds,  
But they had to re - treat tho - rough ly beat,

and con quered in doubt - ful fray.  
vic - tors were wear ing the Blue

That hard fight - ing spir it is And - o - ver's pride; it will  
If the strug - gle's true, then wear the col - or Blue, it will

win an - oth - er vic - to ry to day.  
nev - er fail to safe - ly pull you through.

CHORUS

An do - ver men in Blue, now with all your might, Prove your

hearts are strong in a val iant fight. Teams of the past have

won, as — soon shall you, Thro' the fight-ing spir - it of the daunt-less

Blue.

An-do-ver men in  
 Blue, now with all your might, Prove your hearts are strong in a  
 val-iant fight. Teams of the past have won, as soon shall  
 you, Thro' the fight-ing, conq'ring spir-it of the Daunt-less Blue

Dauntless Blue 4

J. Worley Co., Boston, Mass.

# “ANDOVERIAN”

Arrangement by  
ALBERT M. KANRICH

Words and Music by  
RICHMOND K. FLETCHER

Tempo di Marcia

PIANO

We'll sing a

*con Sva ad lib.*

funeral ode to Ex-e-ter Up-on the Hill, upon the Hill to - night

We'll hang an - oth - er crimson foot - ball Up in the Gym, up in the

Gym, to night. Send a cheer a - way Till the bleachers sway!

Back the team with main and might For we're

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here — to pun - ish poor old Ex - e - ter, — And we bur y

her to night —

March on March on De - fend - ers of the Blue, <sup>3</sup>

Sons of Phil - lip - i - a — Fight - ers through and through! <sup>3</sup>

*L.H.*

Then score — once more — and ov - er Ex - ter's grave, — The

ban ners of And o - ver ev - er — shall wave! —

# CHEER FOR OLD P. A.

By V. C. HEILNER

Arr. by W. S. WHITWORTH

1. Come, ye loy - al sons of  
 2. Come, ye loy - al sons of

Old An - do - ver, Cheer for good old P. A. . . . There is  
 Old An - do - ver, Cheer for the good old Blue! . . . Poor old

noth-ing that can stop us, For we're out to win to - day! (Rah, rah, rah!)  
 Ex - e - ter to - day will sure - ly Meet her Wat - er - loo! (Rah, rah, rah!)

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Woe un - to those who dare op - pose us! On - ward in - to the  
Fight-ing your best for Old An - do - ver, You're bound to win to

fray! . . . . And when the team comes rush-ing on the field, We'll cheer for  
day! . . . . And as the team goes on to vic - to - ry, We'll cheer for

old P. A. ! . . . . A. ! . . . .

## Phillips Hymn

---

AIR—"Duke Street"

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!  
Behold the sacrifice we bring;  
To every arm Thy strength impart,  
Thy spirit shed thro' every heart.

Wake in our breasts the living fires,  
The holy faith that warmed our sires;  
Thy hand hath made our nation free,  
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show  
The midnight snare, the silent foe;  
And when the battle thunders loud,  
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!  
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,  
We lift the starry flag on high,  
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem, Praise to Thee!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes, Class of 1825.*

## Andover

---

AIR—*Amici.*

Hail to thee, New England village,  
Place of honored name,  
May our school, thy greatest glory,  
Still increase thy fame.  
Andover! School of Schools! Keep thou on!  
May thy path be bright  
With the light that leads to wisdom,  
Honor, truth and right.

'Neath the shade of elm and maple  
Learning's path we tread,  
Gaining strength by inspiration  
From thy honored dead.  
Andover! School of Schools! Keep thou on!  
May each loyal son  
Seek to swell thy roll of honor,  
Win as they have won.

When we've left thee, dear old Phillips,  
May the thought of thee  
Serve to strengthen every effort  
That the right may be.  
Andover! School of Schools! Keep thou on!  
May thy glory grow:  
May the good that thou hast taught us  
Follow where we go.

*James C. Graham.*

## Phillips

---

### AIR—*Integer Vitæ*

To thy fair hill we come a yearly throng,  
Youth of all lands here mingling weak with strong,  
Some born to tears and others filled with song,  
    Made one by love for thee.

Here four short years we live our schoolday life,  
Years filled with work and play and mimic strife,  
With songs and cheers and boyish tumult rife,  
    Yet teaching love for thee.

Onward we pass and leave thy ivied walls,  
Forward we go to dwell in college halls;  
Yet hastening back when Phillips to us calls,  
    Drawn by our love for thee.

*James C. Graham.*

## Serenade

---

AIR—"In the Evening by the Moonlight"

On the elm walk by the Chapel  
You can hear the old bell ringing,  
Down on School street by the Fem-Sem  
You can hear the students singing.  
And the femmies at their windows—  
They would stand all night and listen  
To the singing, and the ringing,  
In the moonlight!

Cho.—Give us a song, sister Abbot,  
Give us a song, give us a song,  
Give us a song, give us a song,  
Give us a song, give us a song. [*Repeat*]

When the senior, worn and woeful,  
Scans his text past hope of solving;  
When the midnight lamp burns dimly,  
Studios brains to dust resolving;  
There's a Prep maid down in Draper—  
How her eyes would fill with tear drops  
For the hero facing zero,  
By the lamp light!

Cho.—Give us a cut, father Phillips, (*etc.*)  
*K. Van W., Class of 1907*

## Phillips Academy Foundation Song

---

Old Sam Phillips he said, said he,  
"Guess I will found an Academee;  
Come, let me think where it shall be."

So he thought the American land over.  
He thought, would the North or the South be best?  
The ocean was east, there was yet no west,  
So he said, "Why not settle and take my rest,  
And build here at home in Andover?"

Sam was a Puritan, stern and gruff,  
He counted his cash, and he hadn't enough;  
So he went to his brother, who had the stuff,  
And said, "Down with your dust, come hand over!"  
John looked Samuel straight in the eye,  
And he thought it was better to live than to die;  
So he forked out his cash without asking why,  
And the school was founded at Andover.

What should they study? well, Sam he guessed  
Latin Grammar and Greek were best,  
Xenophon, Virgil, and all the rest  
That have ever been parsed or scanned over.  
They must have the Catechizzum, too,  
Westminster pattern, orthodox blue,  
Shorter and longer thro' and thro';  
This was the law for Andover.

Old Sam Phillips has passed away,  
Catechizzum has had its day;  
Now athletics have come to stay,  
For the course has been tho't and planned over.  
Now steadily risen has Phillips' star;  
And wide be its influence near and far;  
With a La, La, La, and a Ha, Ha, Ha,  
And a Rah, Rah, Rah, for Andover.



## The Spirit of the Hill

AIR—*Bullard's "Stein Song"*

There's a spirit, true and loyal,  
Upon the dear old hill,  
There's a grandeur, almost royal,  
Though rough, we love it still.

*Cho.*—For it taught us, by working,  
To meet every task arising;  
And we learned to face the sorrows  
With a strong, reliant will.

We learned to know each other,  
And the knowledge did us good.  
We tried to help our brother,  
And it showed us where we stood.

*Cho.*—For it taught us, by working,  
To meet every task arising;  
And we strove to raise our standard,  
And to guard it as we should.

Then the last year brought the farewell,  
And we left those happy sights.  
How that old familiar call bell  
Seems to want us back, these nights!

*Cho.*—Don't you hear it still ringing,  
And feel that old spirit calling?  
What a chapter of ages  
Are the tales that it can tell!

For its past has been victorious,  
And its march is still before,  
How that proud name, soaring glorious,  
Raised the bleacher's thund'ring roar!

*Cho.*—Don't you hear it still ringing,  
And feel that old spirit calling?  
It has stood through the ages,  
And shall live forever more!

## Phillips Alumni Song

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne"

As fleeting months and years depart,  
And fast life's joys decline,  
With closer friendship clings the heart  
To Auld Lang Syne.  
Though costly roof and gilded dome  
Above may gaily shine,  
Still we return to childhood's home,  
The home of Auld Lang Syne.

*Cho.*—For Auld Lang Syne, my friends,  
For Auld Lang Syne,  
We join our hands in cordial clasp,  
For Auld Lang Syne.

Fifty long years, and more, have sped,  
Since some of us—then young—  
With rosy cheeks, with bounding tread,  
Would haste when bell was rung,  
The old bell calling us from play,  
That we might learning's task essay,  
In days of Auld Lang Syne.—*Cho.*

Life is a school! Alternate grief  
And joy rule our career.  
One moment has its smile, so brief,  
The next a tear.  
The glittering prize we win today,  
Tomorrow we resign:  
So all things in their turn decay,  
Save love for Auld Lang Syne.—*Cho.*

Dear Brethren, close assembled here,  
Ere we shall hence depart,  
Let us recall each vanished year  
And treasure it in heart;  
Let us recall youth's joyous prime  
When all of earth would shine,  
The blissful sports, the perfect time!  
The days of Auld Lang Syne.—*Cho.*

*Isaac McClellan, Class of 1822.*

## Bills

---

### AIR—*Rebecca*

Down on the street  
Where I first met the tailor,  
Down in his store  
Where his clothes caught my eye,  
Loud were the neckties  
I bought to adorn me,  
Purple the socks,  
But I thought they looked fine.

*Cho.*—Bills! bills! bills! bills!  
Gee, but the old man will growl!  
Bills! bills! bills! bills!  
I hate to think o' his scowl!  
Fool! fool! fool! fool!  
Why did I come here to school.  
My money all goes to pay for clothes—  
Bills! bills! *darn* bills!

Upon the hill  
Will I stay now to study,  
Work and not smoke  
Shall now redden mine eyes;  
Never I'll yield  
To the lures of these tailors,  
Go past their shops,  
Sure—no more bills for mine!—*Cho.*  
“'96.”

## Cheer All Together

---

AIR—*Die Wacht am Rhein*

Cheer altogether! Send the cry  
Of AN-DO-VER up to the sky!  
Old Andover will win the day,  
For vict'ry has been hers alway.  
Our men are strong, their hearts are true—  
O'er other flags, whate'er their hue,  
They'll place the grand old flag of white and blue!  
They'll place above them all the WHITE and BLUE!

---

## Old Andover is Champion

---

AIR—*Marsellaise*

Old Andover is champion,  
And shall hold her place forever;  
And the blue shall wave o'er every stand,  
As it has in years gone by.  
Then stand by the team, boys, to win!  
P. A.! P. A.! It's football we play  
For victory today!

## The Old School on the Hill

---

AIR—"Wait for the Wagon"

Come, raise a cheer with lusty voice,  
And raise it with a will!  
For her in whom our hearts rejoice,  
The old School on the Hill!  
The School that guides us through our youth,  
Shows manhood's duty clear,  
And ever teaches love of truth,—  
For her we raise the cheer!

Cho.—Hail, Andover! Brave Andover!  
Through ages, tried and true!  
For aye we'll stand, a loyal band,  
Old Andover, to you. [*Repeat*]

Upon the Hill, in days of yore,  
In sturdy strength stood she;  
There may she stand for ages more,  
Brave, honor'd, lov'd, and free!  
So all unite to raise the cheer,  
And make the old Hill ring—  
Here's to the School without a peer,  
The School for which we sing:

*Hawley, '10, and Fessenden, '10*

## Fair Andover

---

AIR—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"

Fair Andover! Star of New England,  
The school of the rich and the poor,  
The field for the strong and devout band,  
A shrine of pure wisdom and love,  
Thy renown gathers students around thee,  
When scholarship's aim comes in view;  
Thy athletes shall crown thee with victory,  
And honor thy flag, white and blue.

*Cho.*—Oh, wave the good flag, white and blue!  
Oh, wave the good flag, white and blue!  
The school of Old Phillips forever!  
Oh, wave the good flag, white and blue!

Fair Andover! Gem of New England,  
The loved of the young and the wise,  
The charm of thy bowers and thy highlands  
In song of thy praises shall rise,  
As often in days gone forever  
Thy heroes so brave and so true,  
Proclaimed with victorious fervor  
The palm for the good white and blue.—*Cho.*

Fair Andover! Gem of our country,  
The school of our youth and glad days!  
Too soon comes the hour we must leave thee,  
And sever fore'er from thy plays.  
O'er whatever wild seas we may wander,  
Our friendship shall always be new,  
Thro' the ties of pure love that shall always  
Increase for the good white and blue.—*Cho.*



## Sam Phillips' School

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AIR—"Wawkeenaw"

One hundred years ago,  
Upon this old hill-top, sir;  
Sam Phillips planned a school  
Its fame no one could stop, sir;  
He went unto his Dad, and  
He asked him for some boodle,  
He vowed he'd use it all, for  
The good of Yankee Doodle.

*Cho.*—

Wawkeenawkeenaw, Wawkeenawkeenaw,  
Wawkeenawkeenaw, An-do-ver.

He bought a little shop,  
He filled it full of seats, sir;  
He hung a bell outside,  
Which called with measured beats, sir;  
In all the country round  
The boys began to bustle,  
To drink of Wisdom's fount, and  
With Greek and Latin tussle.—*Cho.*

Sam Phillips is no more,  
He's gone to his reward, sir;  
He's left his school behind  
With knowledge richly stored, sir;  
And here we do our work,  
And here we do our play, sir;  
And here our boys shall come  
When our own hairs are gray, sir.—*Cho.*

" '90."

## Victory

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AIR—*"We'll Rally Round the Flag"*

So we gather as of old, boys,  
The victory to proclaim,  
Waving the banner blue of "Phillips."  
Let us cheer our valiant heroes  
Who bravely won the game,  
Bearing the banner blue of "Phillips!"

*Cho.*—

P. A., boys, forever! hurra, ho, hurru!  
Down with the red, boys, and up with the blue!  
So we'll rally round P. A., boys,  
We'll rally round P. A.,  
Waving the banner blue of Phillips.

Yes, they came from old New Hampshire  
Four hundred strong in red,  
Boasting they'd beat the boys of Phillips.  
They were taken with the blues, boys,  
And with sinking hearts they fled,  
Leaving the field to dear old Phillips.—*Cho.*

*J. O. Moore, Class of 1892.*

## Brothers' Field

First Prize Song (Song Contest 1906)

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AIR—"Down the Field"

Shout, shout on Brothers Field!  
P. A. will never yield  
While there's a man to cheer our team in blue!  
For on this field today  
Our crimson rivals play,  
But P. A. is right in the fray,  
So cheer them on!

Now down the field they go,  
Fighting and playing low,  
Charging with all their vim and strength for the  
vict'ry.  
At every smashing play  
Old Ex'ter's line gives way.  
Humping, jumping, but never slumping—  
That's P. A.!

And when the game is thro'  
We'll cheer the valiant blue,  
Gathering 'round to sing old Andover's praises,  
Once more on Brothers Field  
Old Ex'ter's fate is sealed,  
And her team must fall ever more  
Before P. A.!

*Lawrence E. Drew, Class of 1908.*

## Hail, Andover!

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AIR—"Russian National Hymn

Hail, Alma Mater!  
This be the song  
Our voices sound,  
Our loyal hearts prolong.  
Steadfast and true, thy sons  
Thro' all the years shall be,  
Beloved, our Andover,  
We sing to thee.

Hail, Alma Mater!  
Stand thou our stay,  
Thy truth the star  
To point a higher way.  
Thy fair, inspiring fame  
Before us ever be,  
We hail thee, loved Andover,  
Who sing to thee.

W. V. G.

## Field Marching Song

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AIR—"Marching Thro' Georgia"

Today we're here for victory, let's whoop it up  
and sing,  
Shout out your Phillips war-cry, and in air  
your banners fling.  
Our team must have a welcome that will make  
the bleachers ring,  
For we're here to win the game from Exeter!

*Cho.*—

Hurrah! Hurrah! bring out the old bass-drum,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll make Andover hum,  
Bring out your horns and bugles, boys, for  
Exeter's to be stung,  
And Andover's in her ancient glory.

Our rival's strength is failing fast, we're roll-  
ing up the score,  
With Victory our battle-cry, "P. A. forever-  
more,"  
A-n-d-o-v-e-r is game, right to the core,  
And Andover's in her old-time glory.—*Cho.*

*L. E. D., Class of 1908.*

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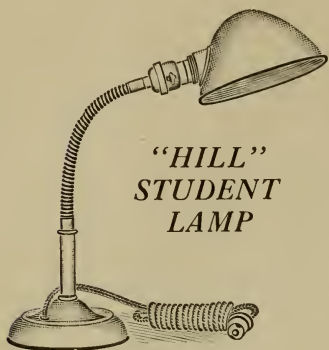
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